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NOTICE.

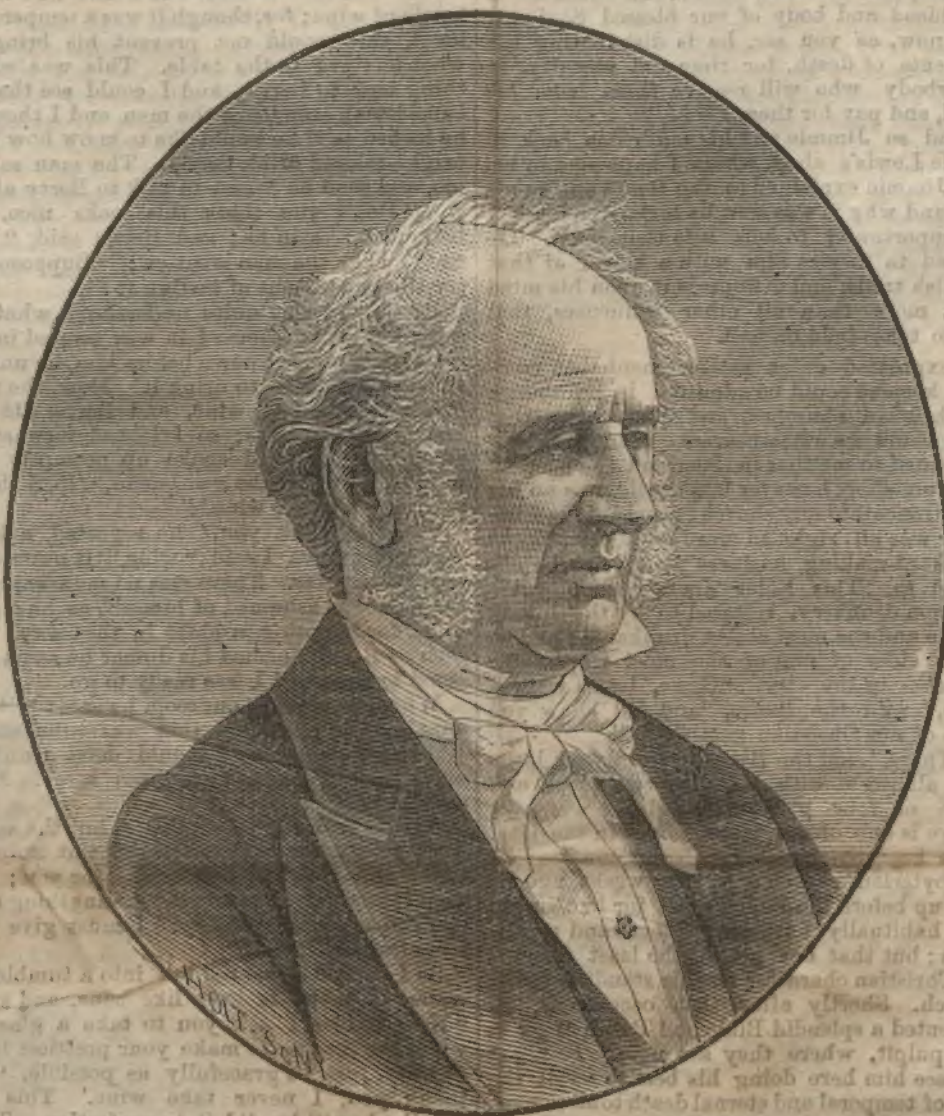
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COMMODORE VANDERBILT.

There has been no name so long prominently connected with the American financial operations as that of Cornelius Vanderbilt. He is a man of great natural powers of mind and body, and for over thirty years has fought in that most terrible and exacting arena, the stock market of New York. His, now, is almost the only name that crops up from amongst that phalanx which a few years ago was supposed to rule the fortunes of a large section of the western world. Fisk, Woodward, Drew, and many others, once the kings of the market, are now hardly ever mentioned, but the "Commodore," although on his dying bed, still holds in his grasp the power to raise or lower the value of millions of property, and the state of his health is looked upon by stock gamblers, in a monetary point of view, with almost as much interest as the Stock Market quotations.

He was borne on Staten Island, May 1794. He had no love for school education, his whole thoughts being devoted to owning boats and managing them. His first purchase was at the age of sixteen; he owned two boats at eighteen, and was captain of a third. He married a year later, and removed to New York, where he continued his ventures with such success that at the age of twenty-three he was free from debt, and worth \$9,000. In 1817, he, in connection with Thomas Gibbons, built the first boat which ran between New York and New Brunswick. Of this he was captain. This line increased till, in 1824, it brought in a revenue of \$40,000 a year, and was then entirely under Vanderbilt's control. He afterwards superintended and inaugurated several new lines of steamships, from simple ferries to one running between New York and San Francisco.

At the outbreak of the civil war, he presented the American Government, with the steamer "Vanderbilt," costing \$800,000. In 1864 he gave up his "operations" on the water and took exclusively to the land. Up to that time he had owned twenty-one steamships, and forty-five steamboats, and his accumulations were estimated at \$40,000,000. His commercial transactions in railways were principally in connection with the New York & New Haven Railroad, the Harlem, Erie, Hudson River and New York Central roads. Since 1873 the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern has been run in conjunction with the New York Central and Hudson river roads, as one continuous route, nine hundred and seventy-eight miles in length, and together with the other roads under his control making in all an aggregate of over two thousand miles, representing a capital of \$140,000,000, of which



COMMODORE VANDERBILT.

half is said to belong to Vanderbilt and his family.

He has taken a deep interest in the education of the South, and three years ago gave \$500,000 to the Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tenn., to which amount he has since added \$200,000. This institution is a chartered university of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and has Theological, Law and Medical departments, and also departments for the study of Philosophy, Science and Literature. Tuition is free to all in the Theological Department, and in the Scientific and Literary departments to all studying for the ministry.

THE FIRST RAILWAY IN MAJORCA

The materials and rolling stock, manufactured by Nasmyth, Wilson, and Co., of Manchester, and Brown, Marshalls, and Co., of Birmingham, were imported direct from England during the year 1874, in seven British vessels and one Spanish steamer.

The ceremony of inauguration, which was an interesting and peculiar one, was performed on the 24th of February. The event was the occasion of a general holiday in the capital and in the towns and villages along the line of railway. The station of Palma is situated at the *Puerta Puigada*, just outside the grand old city walls, which were partly pulled down when the Republican party first came into

power. Here two very pretty triumphal arches were raised—one on the inner side of the wall, under the direction of the Provincial Deputation; and the other outside, by the *Ayuntamiento* of Palma. At the station, which was gaily decorated inside and out with banners, myrtle, and flowers, and the arms of each town on the line, another arch was built. Outside the station, on the passenger platform, was erected a temporary altar, where the preliminary religious ceremony of blessing the engines and carriages before starting took place. Invitations had been issued for 9 a.m. At that hour, in the presence of the Captain-General of the province, the Civil-Governor, the Consular Corps, the provincial deputation, the *Ayuntamiento* of Palma, the railway directors and authorities, and a number of other distinguished persons, and half the ladies of the city, the religious ceremony was performed. The chief vicar (in charge of the diocese vacant by the death of the late bishop), assisted by from thirty to forty priests in their vestments, and preceded by a large golden cross, arrived before the altar chanting the prayers used on the occasion, and when those prayers were over, the chief priest walked along the line to each carriage and sprinkled it with holy water.

The religious ceremony over, the priests and gentlemen took their seats, many of them for the first time, in a railway carriage. "But why are all these priests going?" innocently asked one of the bystanders who had not been invited.

"They are going to give absolution to the killed and wounded," replied his neighbour.

"Ah! they go to cure the maimed," was the reply.

"I don't believe it will go without mules," exclaimed a countryman in jacket and blue calico Moorish drawers, with a twinkle in his eye.

"How should it?" said his companion, a handsome, dark-eyed girl, probably his daughter.

"Don't we put fire on our hearth during all the winter nights, and did any of us see the kitchen start off? I don't believe in it a bit."

"They won't take me in with their smoke," said another grave countryman. "We have none of us been allowed to go near the train. What will you bet that the mules are not concealed between the wheels?"

Amid these commentaries, made partly in jest and partly in earnest, the last shriek of the engine mingled with the strains from the band of music stationed on the platform, and the train started. Nothing could be more agreeable than the trip across the pleasant country. The morning, although the weather had been cold and rainy for the previous days, was bright and sunny. The fields were covered with the vegetation of early spring, and the verdure of the ground crops formed a delicious carpet to the thousands of amold-trees now in full blossom, just before their budding-leaf appears, while the reflection of the sun on the mountains, capped with the unmelted snow which had fallen during the late storm, formed a charming background to the landscape. All along the line the villagers stood in crowds to see what a real railway train in actual motion was like, for up to February, 1876, they had not a notion. More than one yoke of mules, which their too-curious drivers had brought up in close proximity to the line of railway, started off at full gallop when they had had their peep at the unknown monster now first appearing among them.

The train proceeded direct to Inca without stopping, and arrived there in sixty-four minutes. At Inca it was received by two local bands of music. All the streets were decorated by means of cards of myrrite suspended from myrtle-covered posts, in the use of which the Majorcans display natural skill and taste on all their festivals and holidays. Here, too, were half-a-dozen more triumphant arches, primitive in their construction, but significant of their purpose. Thus, one dedicated to "Industry, agriculture, and commerce" was adorned by actual implements and tools familiar to the eye of the country people. Wine-casks, ploughs, baskets, brooms, hammers, and such like were arranged amid the myrtle leaves, flowers, emblems, and banners. Amid the crowded streets, hung with flags as they had probably never been before, and accompanied by the local musicians, the public functionaries and gentlemen walked to the parish church, receiving meanwhile the smiles and welcome of the fair inhabitants from their draped balconies. At church a *Te Deum* was sung in the presence of a congregation full to cramming. On return to the station a capital lunch was offered by the railway authorities, and after a number of speeches of more local than general interest, the party returned to Palma, calling on their way at the six intermediate stations. In the afternoon a second special train conveyed the shareholders, who could not be accommodated in the morning train.—From "The Balearic Islands," by Charles Telf Bidwell, F.R.G.S.

—One Boston Christian's example deserves to be widely imitated. When the collection for Foreign Missions was recently taken up in his church, he gave his usual donation of a thousand dollars, and then added another thousand because the times are so hard and the good cause ought not to suffer.



Temperance Department.

TEMPERANCE.

PROFESSION AND PRACTICE.

The following is contributed to the columns of the *Congregationalist* by Hon. Neal Dow:

"Mother," said a little boy in Edinburgh, one Saturday night at the supper-table, "mother, why does not father go to the communion with you?"

"Ask him, my son, when he comes in." Presently the father took his seat at the table, and the little fellow said, "Father, why do you not go to communion with mother?"

"I'll tell you next Saturday night, my son."

"But, father, why not tell me now?"

"I'll tell you next Saturday night, my son; not before." The father was a working man, away from home at his employment all the week, and when the supper-time came on the next Saturday night, the little fellow said: "Now, father, please tell me why you do not go to communion with mother?"

"I'll tell you after supper, my son, not now," and so the subject dropped for the moment.

After the supper was finished the father said: "Now, sonnie, come with me, and I'll tell you why I do not go to communion with mother."

And so, hand in hand, they emerged from one of those dark and narrow closes in the Cow Gate, of which there are so many in that part of Edinburgh, and they walked up the hill in that famous old street, by the heart of Midlothian, with no thought of Davy Deans and Jessie Deans and Effy Deans, whose names have been associated with that prison by the "Great Wizard of the North." And so they walked on, among hundreds of working people crowding the side-walks on the Saturday night, the women sitting upon the curb with their bare feet in the gutters, and the "Publics," as they call the grog-shops, all ablaze with gas, cut glass and polished brass. And they walked on until they emerged from the low part of the town into the business streets, and by and by came to the great shoe shop of Bailie Lewis, which they entered.

"Jimmie, how fares it with you?" said the Bailie.

"Weel, I thank you; and how fares it with you, Bailie?" replied Jimmie.

This working man had been a sot some years before, and through the indefatigable efforts of Bailie Lewis, who knew him as an excellent workman and a good fellow but for the drink, he was turned from the evil of his ways, and the evil way, and became a sober man and a humble Christian man. But for some weeks he had ceased to go to communion with his wife, which had attracted the attention of his little son, who sought an explanation of the change, which puzzled and alarmed him.

"And now, father, are you going to tell me here what I asked you?"

"No, my son, not here. I'll tell you by and by."

"And what's that, Jimmie, that the boy asks, may I know?"

"Aye, you may know, Bailie. He wants to find out why I don't go to communion with mother; and I've promised to tell him to-night, I'm waiting here for the right moment to do so."

All the while Jimmie was looking across the street; he did not take his eyes off the opposite side-walk, and from a low door leading down a few steps into a brilliantly lighted shop in the basement of one of the lofty Edinburgh buildings. "Now let's go," said Jimmie, quickly, as he saw a group of miserable wretches, men and women, creeping down the steps leading to the shop, and taking the little boy by the hand, he went across the street, and standing aside from the stream of gas light coming from the shop out into the night, they looked. An old, gray-haired man was behind the counter, with shirt-sleeves rolled up and with a white apron on, and all manner of glasses standing upon many shelves behind him. There were many inverted tumblers, upon the top of each one a lemon, alternated with empty decanters with stoppers out, upon the top of each a lemon, with many other decanters containing all sorts of fiery liquors.

"Now look, my son," said Jimmie, as a miserable wretch and wreck of a man, dressed in rags and tatters, with palsied feet and trembling hands and inflamed eyes, stepped up to the counter and said, "Tnp'orth o' the same,

Elder." And so the rum-seller poured him out a glass of gin, which the poor wretch had difficulty in conveying to his mouth, so great was the shaking of his hand. A woman came up with a shawl thrown over her head and asked for half a pint of whiskey, at the same time taking from under her shawl, a new pair of children's shoes which she gave for the liquor, saying:

"Now, Elder, how many half pints can I have for them?"

"Four."

"Only four! that's dreadful little for a new pair of shoes."

"That's all I can give; now go and make room."

And so the tide of misery and wretchedness flowed on in a steady stream to the bar, at which the elder stood, dealing out death and damnation to these miserable wretches in exchange for their paltry pennies, and for any other thing, however pitiful, that could be changed for a penny.

"Now, my son, do you see why I do not go to communion with mother?"

"No, father, I don't see. That's Elder Jones; but what has he to do with you and mother?"

"Why, to-morrow he will distribute to your mother, and to many others, the emblems of the blood and body of our blessed Saviour; but now, as you see, he is distributing the elements of death, for time and eternity, to everybody who will receive them from his hand, and pay for them?"

And so Jimmie and his son came back to Bailie Lewis's shop, where I happened to be, and Jimmie explained to the Bailie and to me how and why it was that he had given his boy an opportunity to look into that shop. He wished to inspire him with a horror of that devilish trade, and to impress it upon his mind that, more than all other influences, that traffic takes hold on hell.

I expressed great astonishment that rum-shop keepers could be admitted in Edinburgh to Christian churches, and much more that they could be office-bearers. And so it was explained to me that in Scotland the keeping of a rum-shop, however low or vile, was no bar to entrance into any church; provided the rum-seller was all right in creed and doctrine, the drunkard-making business would not be objected to. This Elder Jones's shop was a common drunkenery, restored to by the lowest people and the most abject drunkards; and he is an elder of one of the most respectable churches in the city. "Come, let us walk a little," said the Bailie, "and I'll show you some of our Christian rum-shops."

"There," said the Bailie, pointing to a large shop all alight with gas, with two doors, and three or four great plate-glass windows, "there is one of the worst shops in the city. It is kept by the chief-elder of our leading Presbyterian church. A few weeks ago he was up before the Police court for knowingly and habitually harboring thieves and prostitutes; but that has not in the least affected his Christian character nor his standing in the church. Shortly after that occurrence, he presented a splendid Bible and Psalm Book to the pulpit, where they are now. To-night you see him here doing his best to swell the tide of temporal and eternal death to all comers, spreading misery, wretchedness and ruin all about us widely as he possibly can; and to-morrow you may see him taking up the collection of the Lord's pence, and officiating at the communion. He makes his rum-shop as attractive as he can, and sometimes offers bounties to people who buy his whiskey, as newspaper proprietors sometimes offer bounties for new subscribers. A little while ago he offered a nice, new quart jug to every one who would buy a quart of whiskey, and placards with his announcement were posted all over the city. This pious, rum-selling elder!"

"And there," said the Bailie, "is a rum-shop on a large scale; it is kept by a Mr. Blank, a young man recently gone into trade. This trade was chosen because it is very profitable, and requires no previous training to master its details. His father advised this business, and furnished the capital with which to conduct it; the father being one of the most eminent of our Scottish divines, whose praise is in all the churches on your side of the Atlantic as well as on this. I show you all this that you may see how thoroughly in the dark our people are as to many things that you and I consider essential to the Christian character. These churches will not admit the keeper of a gambling shop or of a brothel, but these rum-shops are vastly worse, and yet our people do not see it. They will see it by and by. Our churches are generally implicated in this devilish rum trade, as many of your churches were in the slave trade and in slavery. With you, all that is gone now; and all this will pass away from us by and by; if not, Christianity itself will pass away from amongst us."

"All classes of our people drink; from the pit to the pulpit; they drink, and they can not understand why a minister may not take

whiskey as properly as milk. We have a great many teetotalers among the ministers as well as among the laymen; but yet the numbers are few compared with the entire body of the church. Somehow, our people seem to think that alcohol is as necessary to lubricate the gearing of the Establishment as oil is to the smooth working of machinery. We have recently had a great blow-up about a proposition to exclude alcohol from the Lord's Table. We think the table can not be kept up without alcohol, and so we have cut off from the church the heretic—though he is an active, earnest Christian man—who wanted to cut off alcohol; but we cherish, as a brother beloved, the keeper of a low drunkenery who habitually harbors thieves and prostitutes."

HOW BERTIE LEARNED TO SAY NO.

BY AUNT JULIA.

We were all at a strange hotel to dinner. We were a little late at table, so that we could not all sit together. Bertie sat a little apart from us between strangers, but so near me that I could see that he was well served; and, besides, he could be trusted not to ask for what he ought not to have.

Near him at the table was a man who had a bottle of wine; for, though it was a temperance hotel, they could not prevent his bringing what he liked to the table. This was something new to Bertie, and I could see that he looked with wonder at the man, and I thought he looked as if he would like to know how that bright-colored drink tasted. The man saw it too, and soon he began to talk to Bertie about it. "Don't you think this looks nice, my little man?" said he; and Bertie said, "Yes, sir." Then the man went on: "Suppose you try the experiment of tasting it?"

Bertie did not quite understand what he said; but when some of it was poured into a little glass and set down before him, he understood that he was to drink it. Now, the man had not called it wine, and Bertie did not know what it was; so I leaned forward to catch his eye, and spoke up promptly and pleasantly, "Tell the gentleman, 'No, I thank you; I don't take wine.'"

"No, I thank you," he repeated, a little shyly; for when I said "wine," it quite took him by surprise. There was no more said, for the man was ashamed of himself, as he ought to be, for tempting a child in that way. As soon as Bertie finished his dinner he came and stood by me until I was ready to go.

When we were in our room he said: "Why, auntie, I did not know that was wine, and if you had not told me I should have drunk it, and then I should have been sorry. How could I tell?"

"You could ask," I replied; "but the safest way is never to drink anything but water or milk—they are the best drinks for you; and then if anybody asks you to take anything else, learn to say 'No' politely. I must give you some lessons on that."

So I poured some red ink into a tumbler of water to make it look like wine, and said: "Now, when I ask you to take a glass of wine, I want you to make your prettiest bow, and say, just as gracefully as possible, 'No, thank you, I never take wine.' This we practised until he did it to perfection. Then I varied the invitation, and asked him to take home-made wine, some that I had made myself, saying: "Just take a little—it will not hurt you." Then he laughingly replied: "Excuse me, please; it certainly will not hurt me if I don't take it."

We practised often after that in various ways, until I was quite satisfied with the pleasant and graceful manner in which he could say, "No, I thank you," whenever it might be necessary.

One day when we were talking about it, he said: "Why, auntie, I used to think it was not polite to refuse to do what an older person asked me to do; but since you taught me to say, 'No, I thank you,' I don't mind it at all; and people seem just as well pleased as if I did what they asked me."

"Well, Bertie, you should always be obliging, and do what you are asked when it is right to do it; but when it is right to say 'No,' it is worth a great deal to know how to say it pleasantly, and stick to it."—*Temperance Banner*.

WARNING AGAINST WINE.

BY DWIGHT L. MOODY.

To the many young people who will be studying the advice given by the wise king, I would like to give my most earnest pleadings that they abstain altogether from intoxicating drinks.

Solomon never said a truer word than what he says about those who tarry long at the wine. The questions asked by him, "Who hath woe? who hath sorrow? who hath contentions? who hath babbling? who hath wounds without cause? who hath redness of the eyes?" are not only answered by Solomon himself, but we find his answers verified every

day that we look into the news of the daily papers; while around us, on every side, in the street, we may see living witnesses to the truth of what Solomon says.

Many whom I meet with, who have become slaves to strong drink, say, "Oh that I had never commenced to drink; but now I have no power; and drink is stronger than my own will; stronger than my love for my wife and children; stronger even than my wish for heaven."

May the dear children be kept from ever touching wine, or any drink that will intoxicate, so that they will be in no danger of the terrible consequences that follow those who "tarry long at the wine."

Remember, that those who are drunkards did not intend to become so; they only thought of drinking just a little; but the little kept increasing, and the love for drink kept growing stronger, until the eyes grew red, and the face grew bloated, and the step grew unsteady, until the one who might have been a blessing to the world and a help to those around him, has become a loathsome object, and a terror to his friends. It is not safe to take even a little strong drink; because the love for it soon becomes a strong and a cruel master.

War is terrible, and many of our best men have gone to their graves through war; but strong drink has carried more victims to the grave, in America, than has war.

Again, I beg of the young to touch not and taste not any strong drink.—*S. S. Times*.

TEMPERANCE REMINISCENCES.

The Rev. R. W. Vanderkiste, of Sydney writes:—"The Rev. Edward Robinson is one of our oldest total abstinence advocates. I found him active in the temperance cause when I came to Sydney in 1854, and I find him active still, although three-score years and ten rest on his energies. The celebrated Dr. Johnson, of lexicographical and other fame, once said, we are informed, of the celebrated Wesley, that there was one thing he did not like about him, and that was, that when they met Mr. Wesley had always some engagement near him, so that 'they could never have their chat out.' Occasionally I and the Rev. Edward Robinson do have our chat out, and would he consent, I think he would be just the man to write a capital and copious volume of interesting temperance reminiscences, with which a long and useful life has furnished him. We were conversing the other day on the altered hold which total abstinence now has upon the public heart and mind, compared with its position thirty or forty years ago. 'Well,' said he, 'now, if you will allow me, I will relate an anecdote to the point which transpired under my own immediate observation. Of course you knew by fame, if not by familiar personal acquaintance, that great leader of Congregationalism, the late Rev. Dr. Raffles, of Liverpool.' I assented. 'Well,' continued my friend, 'I remember meeting the Doctor on two occasions, and those two occasions were twenty years apart. The first occasion was an annual meeting in connection with the Congregational Union of England and Wales, Dr. Raffles in the chair. The toast of the Queen was of course the first toast, and in proposing it the Doctor said, with many sparkles of his often exuberant wit, 'I believe there are a few weak brethren present who do not take wine, so let them, if they please, respond to the toast by charging their glasses with cold water.' Twenty years afterwards I attended a great Congregational College meeting. Dr. Raffles again in the chair. The same loyal toast was proposed, but how completely had twenty years turned the tables; the Doctor said, 'Most of the brethren present are total abstainers, who will of course respond to the toast in their favorite beverage, water; I must confess to a lingering weakness for a little wine.' The weak brethren in the Doctor's estimation twenty years before were the total abstainers; now, the tables are turned indeed, and the censor himself apologises for taking a little wine on the score of lingering weakness. Dear Dr. Raffles, used a right, although not a full designation; for, however eminent the man, the clinging to a little wine was what he described it to be. But, alas, it was more than a lingering weakness, it was also a lingering impediment to the Doctor's usefulness. This lingering impediment still hangs on the skirts of some who minister in holy things; and God, for Christ's sake, by the Holy Spirit grant that they may speedily shake off this grievous emascuator of their services to the church and to the world.' *Victorian Temperance Year-Book, 1876.*

TEMPERANCE TEACHING FOR THE YOUNG.—To show the business-like methods of working pursued in the old country, in teaching the evils of the use of intoxicants, we give a tract prepared by the Glasgow Band of Hope Union, on which members between twelve and fifteen years of age are to be examined in writing for a prize scheme.



ARSENICAL POISONING.

Prof. S. A. Lattimore, of the University of Rochester, delivered a valuable lecture on "Arsenic in the Arts as a cause of Arsenical Poisoning," before the Medical Association of Central New York at its meeting in Rochester, May 16th. It is full of facts of moment to every household and every person, and deserves the widest circulation that can be given it. We extract from it several statements of the most immediate practical importance to our readers:

"Until recently the chief use of arsenic has been for the manufacture of colors. Combined with sulphur, it yields two sulphides—yellow arsenic or orpiment, and red arsenic or realgar. The splendid emerald green color produced by combining arsenic with copper, or the acetate of copper, on account of its unparalleled brilliancy, and its permanency, has won its way to popular favor, despite its poisonous character. The arsenic of copper, or Scheele's green, contains 55 per cent. of white arsenic and the aceto-arsenite, or Schweinfurt green, 58 per cent. The latter color is also known in commerce by a bewildering number of aliases, such as imperial green, emerald green, mineral green, Brunswick green, Vienna green, Vert de Montagne, &c. A painter recently told me that he did not use emerald green because it was poison, but he used in its place Vert de Montagne. He was deceived by a name.

"On account of the insolubility of these arsenical pigments in any fluid which does not decompose them, they cannot be employed as dyes. Their use is therefore limited to cases where they can either be fixed upon the fabric or incorporated into its substance during the process of manufacture. They are also used both as oil and water colors.

"A cake of Windsor and Newton's emerald green water color, which I recently had occasion to analyze, contained nearly 40 per cent. of arsenic—enough to kill ten people.

"In the dress goods known as green tartan, the color is emerald green, simply fixed upon the fabric with starch or size. Bright green artificial flowers are colored in the same manner. In decorative and wall papers, and card board, the color is spread on one side of the paper, the surface being left dull or glazed as may be desired.

"In writing paper the color is mixed with the pulp and thus is incorporated into the texture. In such paper the vivid green is usually toned down by some white powder to a pale sea-green.

"The aniline colors are obtained indirectly from coal tar, but directly from 'aniline oil,' by treating it with certain re-agents. The majority of manufacturers prefer arsenic, notwithstanding the danger of poisoning to which the workmen are exposed and the difficulty of disposing of large volumes of poisonous residues. In some manufactories in Europe one hundred tons of arsenic are thus consumed in a single year. The beautiful color fuchsia, when made according to the French mode, is said always to contain arsenic, and since this color is the basis of nearly all other aniline colors, it is readily seen that at least a large number are liable to be poisonous. Yet we wear it in our apparel, we eat it in sweetmeats, we drink it in syrup, we write with it as ink.

"In calico printing, of late, arseniate of alumina has been extensively substituted for albumen, and arsenic acid for the more costly tartaric acid. A crude arsenical ore, or 'black arsenic,' is often sold as 'fly powder,' or even 'cobalt,' and used in the household for destroying flies. Lead shot contains arsenic, which is added to improve the spherical shape. In pyrotechny red arsenic is used in Indian fire or Bengal white fire. The transparency of glass is improved by adding a little arsenic. An arsenical soap is used by taxidermists to preserve the skins of stuffed animals. Hence you often leave a museum with a headache—slightly poisoned. A mixture of lime and yellow arsenic is used in dressing skins to remove the hair or wool. Shepherds use an arsenical mixture sometimes for 'dipping' sheep. Yellow arsenic is used in India in preparing shellac for the market. Both the yellow and green pigments are used—less commonly than formerly—in coloring children's toys and candies. In solutions for bronzing, workmen often employ arsenic, from which they suffer greatly. Candles are often colored green or yellow by arsenical pigments, and sometimes the wicks are saturated with arsenic to improve the brilliancy of the light.

"In the late war with insect invaders, farmers have sought in a variety of poisonous means of protection. White arsenic has been used to a limited extent, but a wholesome fear of its deadly character has checked its popularity. The most successful competitor for popular favor has been Paris green, which is

only another alias for the aceto-arsenite of copper, or the emerald green of the painter. If pure, Paris green should contain 58 per cent. of its weight of white arsenic, but it is usually liberally diluted with sulphate of baryta. The samples which I have had occasion to analyze have contained from 11 to 27 per cent. of this heavy, harmless make-weight. The quantity of this poisonous powder used in the Western States is enormous. More than a ton has been sold in a single small village in a year. Numerous instances of more or less serious poisoning by Paris green, from inhalation of the dust and from cutaneous absorption, especially where there has been abrasion of the skin, have been reported.

"The compounds of this element are marked by two singular characteristics. Most arsenical compounds, excepting those of the alkalis, are insoluble, and yet they react at once, and powerfully, whenever applied to the mucous membranes or introduced into the blood. They rapidly pervade the system, soon appearing in the liver, in the renal excretions, and pervading the nervous matter and even the brain. In other cases, long after the tissues have suffered decomposition, the bones have yielded up their testimony, under the inquiry of chemistry, in the shape of absorbed arsenic."—*Methodist*.

BEWARE.

Some good mothers fly to the camphor or peppermint bottle on the slightest provocation. Camphor is the more dangerous drug, but both are capable of destroying life. As generally used in the form of an alcoholic tincture, their potency is in no wise diminished, but rather increased, by the addition of another poison.

Peppermint oil, from which the essence is made, is a powerful stimulant, and its capacity for harm is by no means inconsiderable. Ulceration of the stomach has been induced by it, and many diseases have followed its habitual use.

Camphor is a poisonous gum-resin, capable of readily inducing great nervous irritation. When taken in small doses it has much the effect of alcohol or opium. In large doses it occasions spasms and death. In any appreciable amount it irritates the mucous membrane of the stomach, and leads to constipation and ulceration. Even a few doses of this drug may lead to incurable dyspepsia. Yet thousands of families fly to the camphor bottle for relief from every variety of pain.

It were a thousand times better that every camphor bottle in the land should be broken rather than that its contents should be indiscriminately employed. The potent drug ought never to be administered internally except by a competent person, familiar with its power.

It would be a good thing if mothers could learn to depend upon water—cold, tepid or hot,—to relieve a very large percentage of all bodily pain. There is nothing so innocent; nothing so effectual. Cold water is the most powerful local anesthetic known. The pain of a sprained limb is quickly relieved by ice-cold water.

ARSENIC HANGINGS.—Prof. Lattimore said recently, in an address before a medical association in Western New York: "The slight manner in which the arsenical color is laid on wall-paper, shows how easily it may be detached and go its way to mingle with the general dust of the room. Indeed, the arsenic has actually been detected by chemical means, in the dust from the furniture of rooms hung with such paper. The possibilities of small quantities of arsenic entering the system accidentally must be apparent, when we observe the extended use made of the arsenical colors. The green paper meets us everywhere, on the walls, on paper-boxes, labels, cards, tickets, stationery, paper lamp-shades, from which the arsenic is often volatilized by the heat of the lamp. I have perceived the characteristic odor of volatilized arsenic in lighting the gas with a wisp of arsenical letter paper. Such articles are constantly in the reach of children, and of adults, ignorant as children of the dangerous character of the articles they are handling. Who, knowing that a cake of emerald green—the favorite among all the colors—contains more than one-third of its weight of pure arsenic, would allow his children to use it unwarned? The use of green tartan in protecting chandeliers, picture-frames, and mirror-frames, brings a dangerous article in the house. Not long since I saw, in a summer hotel, the dinner table protected, in the interval between meals, by a voluminous net of green tartan, from which the arsenical powder was sifting upon the cloth and into the dishes at every touch. Has the time not come when this broadcast sowing of a dangerous and often unknown poison should be in some manner arrested."—*Methodist*.

THE CRUISE OF THE "CHALLENGER."—A storied voyage of three years and a half around the world, the *Challenger* returned to England, May 24. Our readers have been informed, from time to time, of the interesting deep-sea dis-

coveries made by the party under Professor Wyville Thompson. The expedition has been thoroughly successful, the only drawback being the untimely death of Dr. Willenboas-Sum. The *Challenger* traversed a track of 69,008 miles, and established 362 observing stations, at all of which the depth has been ascertained with the greatest possible accuracy, and at nearly all the bottom temperature has been taken, a sample of the bottom water has been brought up for physical examination and chemical analysis, a sufficient specimen of the bottom has been procured, and the trawl or dredge has been lowered to ascertain the nature of the fauna. At most of these stations, serial soundings have been taken with specially devised instruments to ascertain, by the determinations of intermediate temperatures and by the analysis and physical examination of samples of water from intermediate depths, the directions and rate of movement of deep-sea currents. Explorations of Juan Fernandez, a week's visit at Montevideo, were made before the vessel sailed for home by way of the Cape Verde Islands. A *Narrative of the Cruise of the Challenger*, by Professor Thompson, in two volumes, is announced by *Nature* as in an advanced stage of preparation.—*Editor's Scientific Record, in Harper's Magazine for September*.

ELECTRIC LIGHT FOR ILLUMINATION AT SEA.—The steamship *Amerique*, of the General Transatlantic Steam-ship Company, has been provided with a new electric light for the purpose of illumination at sea. The apparatus used is one of M. Gramme's electro-magnetic machines designed for illuminating purposes. The propelling power is a small but powerful engine. The lamp consists of two pointed coke pencils, four or five inches in length and one-half inch square, kept at the proper distance from each other by a clock-work arrangement, and which will last some four hours. The light, it is affirmed, is visible at sea at a distance of fifteen miles, and lights the ship so perfectly that all the details of her equipment and rigging can be plainly seen at a distance of over a mile. The especial design of the lamp is to afford light for working the ship. The *Amerique* is the first vessel that has been equipped with the light, and the system is said to work with the greatest satisfaction.—*Editor's Scientific Record, in Harper's Magazine for September*.

LET THE WATER HAVE AIR.—We are now beginning to learn that, up to a certain point, the value of water for non-lung breathing aquatic animals does not so much depend on the amount as upon its distribution in such a manner that it shall absorb the greatest quantity of atmospheric air, or rather of the oxygen which enters into the composition of that air, leaving much of the nitrogen unabsorbed. The earliest observer known to me of this fact was the late Dr. R. Ball, who in Ball's *British Crustacea*, records how much better he kept a crayfish (*Astacus*) in a shallow vessel than in a deep one. In all my aquarium work I keep this law in view, and I regulate the amount of surface of water exposed to air, as well as the actual quantity of water, according to the known requirements of the animals to be kept; and the result is very surprising both as to the health of the creatures, and in the saving of the money cost of constructing and maintaining an aquarium.

THE MOST USEFUL DRUGS.—According to the *London Medical Times and Gazette*, a party of ten medical men were dining together not long since, and one of them started this question, that, supposing all present were limited in their practice to a selection of six pharmaceutical remedies, which would be chosen as being the most useful compound drugs to be accepted. Each of the party wrote the names of the six drugs he should select, and handed to the doctor who started the enquiry. On examining the lists it was found a majority of votes were given in favor of opium, quinine, and iron; between mercury and iodide of potassium the votes were equally divided, as they were also between ammonia and chloroform.—*Journal of Chemistry*.

HOW TO SEE SOUND.—A curious little instrument has lately been invented called the opidoscope, which may be said to write down with a pencil of light, any sound produced within it. It is composed of a two-inch tube, on one end of which a piece of thin rubber, or tissue-paper, is pasted. In the centre of the rubber, or tissue-paper, is fastened a small piece of looking-glass—it should be about an eighth of an inch square. When the opidoscope is made, hold the end with the mirror in the sunlight, and the other in the mouth, so as to sing or speak in it. The ray of light reflected from the mirror falling on a white surface, will describe curves and patterns differing for every pitch and intensity. The same tones will give always the same results.

HOW NOT TO OVERWORK.—A health journal says: The best recipe for overworked men is for them to drill themselves to work slowly, and let them begin by learning to eat slowly. When they come to the table let them throw aside care and trouble, greet their friends

with pleasant words and smiles, and make the hour one of true delight. Having once learned to eat slowly, let them, as will now be easy, do other things with deliberation, calmness, moderation. It will soon become a habit, and when once well established, it will make life more sweet, and lengthen it to nearer what Nature intended.

PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT.—There is nothing of such transcendent importance to a race or nation as physical stamina—strong, vigorous, healthy constitutions. How did the Germans, in the late war, gain such signal victories over the French? Why do that people now stand at the head of all the European nations in power and statesmanship? Why do the Germans take the lead at the present time in the cultivation of the sciences, and in almost every department of literature? Is it not owing to their grand physique more than to anything else?—*Dr. Allen's Address*.

—The custom of sending telegrams, or rather written copies of them through pneumatic tubes, is making progress in actual use, its most extensive application, however, being made in Paris. The telegram after being written by the sender is sent through a tube to whatever part of the city is designated, there being quite a number of these tubes laid down. French ingenuity, about as soon as the pneumatic system was devised, invented a scheme for taking advantage of it. Twenty words make up the shortest message, and the senders write sixty or seventy words on the blank and then cross out enough to bring the number below twenty. The crossing out is done so lightly that the erased words are perfectly legible, and thus the ingenious Frenchman is able to send a message of much greater size as a "twenty word message." The receiver getting the original paper can read the whole message, as he understands the trick.

—As hoop skirts have suddenly gone out of fashion, manufacturers have on hand immense quantities of crinoline steel which they do not know what to do with. Berthold, of Dresden, Germany, has found that brushes made from this material preserve their sharpness longer than wire brushes, or even coarse files, and are the very best tool to remove slag and iron oxide from iron castings, which are often incrustated when removed from the mold. The usual way of removing them was with a file, but the crinoline steel has proved superior, and its use is now being introduced all over Germany.

—Water which has been kept for some time in the state of ebullition does not make so good an infusion of tea, as water "just upon the boil." A reason for this is suggested by a writer in the *Chemical News*, who says that the escape of dissolved gases might possibly account for the inferiority of tea-infusion made with long-boiled water. To test this, he passed for ten minutes through boiling water a stream of carbonic-acid gas, and then made an infusion of tea with it. The result was decidedly better than when water was employed that had boiled for the same length of time without the addition of the CO.

DOMESTIC.

—A farmer in the Eastern part of the State of New York buried four or five jars of butter last summer as an experiment. He removed one jar the other day and found the butter as nice and sweet as the day it was buried. His plan was to get a good sound jar, fill it with butter, tie a cloth over the top, put in a layer of salt about an inch thick, and tie a strong cloth over the mouth of the jar and bury it four feet under ground, mouth down.

—In order to preserve tomatoes through the year, it is not necessary to resort to the expense of canning them. If stewed in the ordinary manner, but without butter or crackers, only a little salt and sugar, they can be put into jugs, two-quart or gallon, according to the size of the family, and if corked up tightly they will keep for a year. To make assurance doubly sure, some melted wax may also be poured around the corks. Tomatoes may also be dried easily. Skinned and prepared with a little sugar they make a substitute for figs, and are sold under the name of tomato figs.

FRIED CUCUMBERS.—A breakfast dish can be made of this vegetable, by paring and cutting them lengthways into pieces as thick as a dollar. Then dry them in a cloth. Season them with pepper and salt, sprinkling them thick with flour. Melt butter in a pan, and when it is at boiling point, put in the cucumber slices, and fry light brown. Send to table hot.

BAKED TOMATOES.—Tomatoes are very nice baked in the oven. To prepare them, pour boiling water over the fruit to loosen the skin, which remove, and cut them in small pieces; season with salt and pepper, and a very little mustard if desired; then put them into a pan with crumbs of bread and butter; cover the pan with a plate and bake three-quarters of an hour. When done, mash all together and put them into another dish.

THE BROKEN VASE.

(CHAPTER II.—Continued.)

The day came on which the operation was to be performed. The oculist did not attempt to disguise from the friends of Agnes that it might result in disease, or even death, instead of sight—the blessing so eagerly longed for, and each bade a tearful good-bye to the afflicted child.

Mrs. Weston held her in such a fervent embrace, while her tears fell hot and fast, that Agnes could never after have doubted her love, and Mr. Weston was too affected to speak. But when it came to Charlie's turn to kiss his little cousin, he astonished and alarmed them all by a series of incoherent shrieks, amid which the words, "I did it! I did it!" were alone discernible.

When he grew a little calmer he said, "I broke the vase, Agnes," and then stood up as if to receive sentence.

"I know you did," she answered, meekly, "and I felt so sorry for you."

"Sorry for me!" reiterated Charlie, in amazement: "why, I wasn't punished."

"Oh yes, you were, Charlie," she said, "you know you were never so happy after: and God had seen it all, and you couldn't forget that."

Charlie's parents stood by, grieved and surprised; but Charlie himself felt better now that all knew it, and he parted from Agnes happier than he had been for a long time.

"How did it happen?" asked Mr. Weston, when they were alone.

"I was going to frighten her as she came in that night, and held my arms out, and knocked the vase down just as she got there, and I thought you would not mind so much if Agnes did it."

"It was a mean, cowardly act," said Mr. Weston, sternly. And Charlie felt that it was.

Little Agnes did not die, nor, I am sorry to say, did she recover the entire use of her sight. For a long time a glimmer of light was all that was granted to her; but after years of patient waiting and suffering she could see to read or sew for a few minutes at a time; could discern the flowers and grass and blue skies, and was satisfied, knowing full well the gift denied her, in its fulness, would be hers in that land where no night cometh and darkness is not.

Charlie was very kind to his cousin after that, and it seemed as if they were all drawn nearer to each other, for Mrs. Weston could not forget that Charlie had let Agnes suffer for his fault. He never alluded to it in any way after that day on which he confessed it, except once, when he said, "I wondered how you felt, Agnes, when you stayed all that evening alone in your room, and what you were doing to pass the time away."

"I was praying for you," she answered, simply.—*M. R. L., in Mother's Friend.*



REMARKABLE ANSWER TO PRAYER.

I am going to tell you an interesting story of a little boy, one of a family of six children, whose parents were not rich, but honest and respectable. They lived in a large manufacturing town in the north of England.

One morning (now half a century since), this little boy, then about eight years of age, was entrusted by his mother with five shillings to take to the mill to buy a stone of flour.

The careful mother tied up the money in the corner of the bag which was to hold the flour; and with a kindly pat on the shoulder, and a charge to be quickly back again, the little boy left the house, and was soon threading his way through the busy throng and along the dirty streets of that smoky town.

On arriving at the mill, he took his place among many others who were there on a similar errand. He had to wait full half an hour before his turn came to be served. It was a mill that

Whatever must he do? His mother would want the flour.

At that time money was very scarce, and bread was very dear. There was not free trade in corn, and such prosperous trade as there is now; how could the poor boy venture to return to his mother to tell her of his loss?

Greatly troubled, he withdrew a little from the crowd, some of whom pitied him in his distress; and the thought came into his mind, "God can do everything; He can help me to find my money; I will pray to Him." So there and then did this little boy very earnestly lift up his heart in secret prayer to his Father in Heaven,—*"Heavenly Father, please help me to find my money!"*

None around knew what was going on—not one of that crowd of people thought how near God was to the heart of that little child—but he put up his prayer in simple faith, and God heard it. But *we must do our best* as well as pray, so our little boy soon resolved that he would go back the way he had come, and look carefully for the lost money, still breathing the prayer all the way. Alas! little hope of finding it on that road, where, since he came, hundreds must have passed. However, he must try, and find it if possible; so there he goes again into the streets, with his head bent, examining every step of the way, still breathing the earnest prayer that God would be pleased to help him to find his money. The way he had come was over a bridge—the busiest thoroughfare, perhaps, of that busy town.

As he was just passing on to the bridge, still intently looking this side and on that, lo! there, on the black ground, he sees a bright shilling, and then another, and another, until he picked up the whole of the five silver shillings he had lost! Was he not astonished? His breast heaved with thankfulness to his Heavenly Father. We have heard him say, since then, that whilst almost overcome thus to find the whole of his money in that unlikely situation, his young heart was powerfully impressed at the time with the belief that it had been, as it seemed, miraculously preserved and restored to him in answer to prayer. I need not tell you how joyfully, and with what a thankful heart, he returned to the mill and obtained the flour; and though he had been thus much longer away than usual, his mother, on learning the cause and the providential interposi-

had a monopoly of the trade in town, called a "soke-mill." When his turn arrived, he presented his bag, and told the man his mother had tied the money up in the corner.

The man opened out the bag, shook it, but, alas! no money.

"There's no money in it!" said the man, tossing back the bag.

Think what was the dismay of the little boy thus so unexpectedly to find that all his money was gone—gone he could not imagine where, or how!

tion, "greatly wondering," breathed, no doubt, in secret, her thanksgiving unto God.

That little boy is now a man of threescore years, and very earnestly does he long, as well as the writer of this narrative, that all little boys and girls may learn from it what a kind Father they have in heaven, and how graciously He listens to their prayers, when offered in sincerity in the name of Jesus.

May they often read and think of the many texts of Scripture which encourage us to pray, as well as of the many examples we have, in which the prayers of God's children, even of very young children, have received a speedy and sometimes, as in this instance, a remarkable answer.

"Verily, verily, I say unto you, Whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in My name, He will give it you." These are the words of Jesus.

The Editor of the *Friendly Visitor*, in which this story appears, says: The above interesting narrative was handed to us several years ago by a late and much-beloved minister of the Society of Friends, who said,—"*I* was the little boy referred to in this story. If you think the fact will do good, make any use of it you like."

SEA-ANEMONES AND THEIR MODE OF LIFE.

BY PROF. ANDREW WILSON,
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Not so very long ago, in the history of zoology, the sea-anemones and their near neighbours were accounted veritable "flowers" by naturalists. Sufficiently fixed in their nature to closely imitate plants, and of flower-like appearance in their expanded state, it was little to be wondered at that the zoologists of one hundred and fifty years or so ago, termed the anemones "sea-flowers." They were believed, moreover to be sensitive flowers, for they drew in their "petals" when they were touched. And this belief persisted until one Peysonnel by name, having demonstrated the truly animal nature of the beings which secrete the red coral, and which are nearly related to the anemones, the

latter also received a due share of attention, and their animal nature was therefore duly settled and determined.

Amidst the very many variations in form, color, and size, presented by the anemone-family, one plain type of structure is discernible in all. We can readily note in any member of the family, the cylindrical body, fixed by a base or one extremity to the rock or stone, and bearing at its opposite or free extremity the mouth, surrounded by numerous tentacles or feelers. These feelers—the "petals" of the

and soon the once-resplendent, flower-like animal becomes converted into a conical mass of jelly-like matter, looking not unlike some of the curious and wonderful fabrications one sees in a confectioner's window.

We thus note that the sea-anemone is highly sensitive to touch, and exhibits what we may conceive to correspond with symptoms of annoyance or alarm, when its natural condition is disturbed or invaded in any way. If we observed one of the higher animals exhibit such features of sensitiveness, we should natu-

by animalcules of much lower grade than the sea-anemones the same sensibility is possessed; and even in some plants—such as the curious *Dionaea*, or Venus' Fly-trap—irritability is present; yet no one has succeeded in discovering in these lower animals or in plants anything approaching to or corresponding with, the nervous system of the higher animals.

In explanation of this seeming paradox, naturalists are led to believe that some power of receiving and appreciating sensations, in the absence of a distinct nervous system, resides in the tissues of the bodies of lower animals, and of plants. This nervous property may be conceived to be present in lower organisms, equally with other powers which even the lowest of beings possess—such as the power of receiving and digesting food in cases where the entire body of the organism consists of nothing more than a minute particle of jelly-like matter, in which the highest power of our microscopes can discover no elements of structure or organs.

Returning to the more apparent features of the sea anemones, we find their bodies to be constructed on a very simple type or plan. The mouth opens in the centre of the crown of tentacles, and leads into a large stomach, which however, is like a pocket without a bottom, in that it freely communicates below with the interior of the body. The stomach is in fact a kind of tube, suspended within the body-cavity; and this open or imperfect condition of the stomach constitutes one of the principal features of the great division of the animal world to which the sea-anemones belong. It is probable that when the

anemone seizes its prey—such as some unfortunate crab or mollusc which has ventured within the grasp of the tentacles—and conveys it to the mouth and stomach, the lower and open end of the latter sac is temporarily closed whilst the food is being digested within it; and after the digestive process has terminated, the stomach is believed to open or unclosed, so as to allow the nutritive matter to circulate throughout the interior of the body.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



supposed flowers—are hollow, and are perforated at their tips. They may, indeed, be regarded as mere extensions of the interior of the body; and that they are highly sensitive and muscular, may be experimentally ascertained by touching a living sea-anemone. In such a case, the tentacles are seen to be quickly withdrawn, and folded within the mouth; the water contained within the interior or the body is ejected from the mouth, and also from the tips of the tentacles;

rally and properly assign to the nervous system the duty of bringing the animal, through its senses, into relation with the external world. But, curiously enough, when we investigate the structure of the sea-anemones, we utterly fail to discover the slightest vestige of a nervous system. In other words, the anemone exemplifies the condition of an animal which feels without, literally, having any apparent or visible nerves to feel with. We know, however, that



The Family Circle.

WORK AND PLAY.

"Oh why did you call me, mother! I was sitting beside the stream, And watching the play of my sailing-boat As she danced in a bright sunbeam, And I tossed the pebbles in, one by one, Till the water grew strong and high— Then I cheered and cheered, till I almost feared I should anger old Bessy hard by!

"But, mother, why will you sit and sew Through the whole long summer-day? You'll come and look at my sailing-boat As she rides in her miniature bay? And when I'm a man, and at sea, mother, I'll not let you sit and sew, But build you a ship, where the men, mother, Shall cheer us wherever we go!

"But I cannot now stay if you won't, mother, For I promised our Harry, at three, To meet him down by the Squire's walk, To climb the old chestnut-tree; And I hear it's two by the minister's clock, And my 'top-mast' not yet done; But half-an-hour will finish that— So—a kiss! and hurrah for a run!"

And the boy returned to his sailing-boat, While the mother's eyes grew dim With tears—to think of the coming years, When she could not work for him; And the coat is worn—and the coat is torn— And a ship rides out of the bay; But mothers must weep till they fall asleep, And work while the children play!

Sunday Magazine.

WISHING TO BE A LADY.

A CHAPTER FROM REAL LIFE.

"Come, Nannie, child, it is your turn to-day to take care of the dining-room. Your sister Greta is attending to the work above-stairs, and Bridget is ready for her orders by this time."

Nannie's face, as she looked up from the book she was reading, did not express her usual energetic good humor. Yesterday she had taken tea with a companion of her own age a young miss of fourteen, who knew quite well, as she supposed, what was proper for a lady, and had filled Nannie's head with ideas that had been working there ever since.

"Why, mamma," said she, as she reluctantly took up the cloth to wash the breakfast china, "I don't see how it is that Greta and I must do so much house-work; I am sure papa is able to hire another servant. And just look at my hands!—all red and ugly; and and Bertha Speare says they will grow uglier and uglier if I am kept at drudgery all the time. Her hands are beautiful—and she wears the prettiest rings! She never has to wear calico morning-dresses either."

"Yes, Nannie, I understand all about it. Bertha Speare is a remarkably well-informed young lady. Drudgery will never do for such as you and her; I see, it is only fit for mothers and servants. Go upstairs now and put on your best merino dress and kid boots, and take down your curl-papers, and make yourself as fine as possible."

Nannie looked at her mother. It was a quiet, placid face she saw, but she knew by its expression that she was in earnest. Mrs. Lane's children were never mistaken on that point. Such a thing as disobedience was never thought of when she wore that look of decision.

So Nannie dropped her mop and went up to her room, wondering in her heart what her mamma could mean. She had only thought of having a little argument with her mother. Nannie was fond of argument and she had been forestalled so completely that she was puzzled. But on one thing she was clear: she must obey.

After she was dressed—and it took her much longer than usual to array herself, for she was rather nervous over it,—she shyly and reluctantly descended to the dining-room. There stood mamma, having had the cradle brought in, with the baby in it asleep. She was washing the china and talking to Bridget—the one servant—who had been summoned from the kitchen.

"You see, Bridget," she was saying, "the marketing has just come in, and there's the beef to roast, and the cauliflower to prepare, and as for the pudding, I have had a watchful night with Mally, and shall have to give that up."

"Yes, ye do look tired, mum. But, by yer lave, master was spakin' about the pud-

ding," and Miss Nannie, she said she could make it."

"Don't you see Miss Nannie is all dressed?" said mamma, turning round. "We'll have to do without her, too, Bridget."

Bridget gave a queer, puzzled look at Nannie, who had just entered, attired in best afternoon trim at nine o'clock in the morning. "Oh, I ask pardon," said she with the best, Irish manners, "I didn't know ye were going out. If it's going to town ye are!"

"Miss Nannie is not going anywhere," said mamma, quietly going on with her work. "That will do, Bridget."

Bridget knew when she was dismissed, but she was by no means satisfied. "It's queer, though," she said to herself, as she retreated to the kitchen; "Mistress Lane's up to something. Ye'll never see that look on her when she isn't."

Mrs. Lane was a minister's wife—a country minister, who having a small private property of his own, besides his wife's still smaller portion, devoted his surplus money to the poor of his flock. The minister's wife was a wise little woman, and had concluded that in training her daughters to take their share in household cares, she was doing service both to the household generally and to them in particular. "Besides," she said, "I have the baby, and can leave him to no other hands; it is time you began to relieve me of such cares as take my time from him." As a general thing, both girls had been inclined to concur cheerfully, and took no small pride in doing well the part assigned them, and in papa's praise of their thrift.

But this morning Nannie had rebelled, and Mrs. Lane always met rebellion promptly. She now turned to Nannie, with her sweetest smile, and said: "You look very smart and ladylike, daughter. Now go into the parlor, this is no place for you dressed as you are. Go in and amuse yourself as you like best."

"But, mamma," said Nannie, blushing deep with mortification, "I didn't mean—"

"Oh, my dear, I couldn't suppose you would say what you did not mean. You shall not spoil your hands, my love, and you shall not wear calico wrappers if you do not wish to. You are quite as worthy to be a lady, I hope, as Bertha Speare. Sit down and make yourself comfortable."

Greta was dusting the parlor, and mamma waylaid her. "Run Greta," said she, and fetch your sister that footstool, and turn on a little more heat. That will do. Are you quite comfortable now?"

What could poor Nannie do but say, "Yes," in the most feeble way, though in one sense she had never felt so uncomfortable in her life. She took up a book, more to hide her blushes than to read: but the letters had a way of running together. She went to the piano; but the keys refused to obey her nervous fingers. Then she tried to amuse herself by arranging the autumn leaves that filled the bracket vases. Presently a knock at the outer door announced a morning visitor. Greta admitted to the dining-room Mrs. Sage, the wife of a plain parishioner.

"Mornin', Miss Lane," said the gingham sun-bonneted lady, cheerfully, helping herself to a seat. "Pears to me you don't look over and above rugged this mornin'. Anything the matter?"

"Nothing, thank you, but a little fatigue; Mally kept me watching last night. Poor little fellow, his teeth trouble him." And Mrs. Lane bent over the cradle with a mother's sympathy; Mally opened his eyes and reached up his appealing arms. "Poor little Mally, mamma will take you in a moment—just as soon as she puts away these teacups."

But Mally—who was the best child usually, who had learned patiently to "wait a moment," knowing that his mother's promises never failed—was sick this morning, and a moment was an age to him. He pucker up his little face and gave forth such a pitiful wail, that Nannie could not endure it. She left her vases and sprang to his side. "Come to sister, Mally darling," said she; "precious pet, come to sister."

But mamma was at hand also. "Nannie, my love," said she, "Mally would rumple your dress and disarrange your hair. Let him come to me."

"Pears to me," said Mrs. Sage, "you're very much dressed up this morning, Nannie. Goin' out, are you?"

"No, Mrs. Sage," said Mrs. Lane, with a comical look in her eyes. "Nannie is our visitor to-day. She is trying how it seems to be a young lady who does nothing."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Sage, half mystified. "If Mrs. Lane is punishing Nannie," she thought, "she is uncommon sweet and pleasant about it. I can't make her out. But I guess she knows what she's about. Mrs. Lane commonly does." And so she quieted her curiosity, knowing that Mrs. Lane would tell her just what she meant to tell, and no more.

Nannie, for her part, had retreated to the parlor, where she was about as miserable as a young lady in her best dress, kid boots, perfect frizzes, and nothing to do but to amuse

herself, could well be. She went back to her book; but how could she read, with her thoughts continually on her tired mother, her disappointed father, who was so fond of the pudding she had volunteered to make for him that morning? And poor little Mally! She began to see how really valuable and helpful a girl of fourteen can be to her family.

"It may be ladylike to be of no use," she said to herself, "but it is detestable! I'd rather be Bridget in the kitchen, feeling a sense of being good for something, than live in a prison of fine clothes and know that I was helping nobody. Oh, dear! if this horrid day were only over!"

But it was not over by any means. She had to meet her father at dinner, and be treated with oppressive politeness in his presence. She had to encounter the fun twinkling in his eyes at the sight of her embarrassment—to see him joining the others by showering attentions upon her, as though she had been a princess. But she was a girl of courage, and having made up her mind what to say, she said it right out before them all, while Bridget was removing the dishes:

"Mamma, dear I beg your pardon. I have been very naughty and foolish. I hope you will forgive me and let me go back to my work. I shall never be so foolish again;" and here, bravely trying to smile, she burst into tears.

Mamma gave her the kiss of reconciliation and trust. "Nannie, darling," said she, "you have had your little lesson. I should not have inflicted it on you if I had not been sure it would save you a more bitter one in the future."

Nannie was cured of ever wanting to be a lady, in the helpless sense—a drone in society. She has become a very noble, useful woman, and if her hands are not beautiful, they are so helpful that everybody admires them.—N. Y. Observer.

THE GOLDEN GEESSE.

"I wish I had a golden goose that laid golden eggs!" said Norah, throwing down her book, and clasping her hands energetically.

"Don't talk nonsense!" said the mother.

"What wouldst do with the gold, lass?" said the father.

"I would buy myself a white frock, and a blue sash, and a hat like the squire's daughter; a silk gown for mother, and a coat with a velvet collar for you to wear on Sundays, father."

"That would take only part of a golden egg," returned the father. "Go on, lass, and then we shall know all three wants."

Norah drew closer to her father, and looked gravely up in his face.

"A donkey-cart for mother to go to market in; a carpet for the room, curtains for the windows, lots of beautiful flowers and fruit in the garden, and nothing to do. I should sell the eggs and get so much money that you never need do any more work."

"Thank thee, lass, thank thee; it sounds very grand. Wife, dost hear what Norah is going to give us?"

"Aye, if wishes were horses, beggars could ride!" returned the mother. "I wonder at thee, father, for encouraging the lass in her folly. Come, Norah, get the table ready for supper, the lads will be in from the field before long, and they'll be hungry enough, I daresay."

Scarcely had she spoken when the gate swung open, and the two lads appeared, one of them carrying something very carefully in his hat.

"A present for you, Norah! Guess what it is in three guesses. Now!"

Norah sprang forward. "Is it a bird?"

"No."

"One of Mrs. Lovell's plum-cakes?"

"No."

"A goose's egg, perhaps," said the father, laughing.

"O, you shouldn't have spoken!" said Tom. "I wanted Norah to guess. But it's not one egg. Farmer Lovell has sent her six eggs; and he says if she will get the old hen to sit upon them she will have six as fine young goslings as need to be."

"Why, Norah, you're in luck," said the father; "and it will be hard, if out of six geese there should not be one to lay golden eggs for us."

"Golden eggs!" exclaimed Tom, in surprise.

"Ah, lad, thou dost not know all the fine things that are coming to us," returned the father, laughing; whilst Norah's cheeks grew red, and the mother said, "Father's making fun, lad."

The old hen sat upon the eggs, and in due time the goslings straggled forth, and Norah began to build castles in the air.

One sunny afternoon, Norah sat knitting by the river's side whilst her geese were swimming and diving to their heart's content, when farmer Lovell passed by. Norah jumped up.

"Aren't they beauties?" said she, pointing to her geese. "I can never thank you enough for them."

"Make a good use of them," said the farmer, patting her on the shoulder; "but that I'm sure you will do; the daughter of a good father and mother need not be told that." And he went his way. And Norah fell to thinking of what he had said, and as she did so, the visions of blue and pink ribbons, and stylish hats vanished away, and a sudden sense of the responsibility of having possessions of her own began to press upon her.

"I think the geese are making me wise," said she, unconsciously speaking aloud.

"Then they will be golden geese," answered a voice at her side.

"O father! Did you hear what I was saying?"

"Only a bit of it."

"It's a great thing to have property," said Norah, "and to know what to do with it makes one feel older, and it's a weight as well as a pleasure."

"Why, lass," said her father, "the geese have taught thee a lesson thy mother and I have failed to teach thee!"

The older and fatter the geese grew, the more important Norah felt. She and Tom had many consultations as Martinmas drew nigh, and at length it was decided that the time had come for the geese to be sold.

"I'm sorry to part with them, Tom, but they must go. I must have the money."

"What for?"

But Norah screwed up her mouth and shook her head. She had her own plans, but she was not going to tell them.

"I wonder if they would bring seven shillings apiece," said she.

"Here's farmer Lovell coming, maybe he can tell us."

"I don't like to ask him," answered Norah.

But Farmer Lovell anticipated the question, for his first words were, "Well, Norah, if you're willing to sell your geese, I've got a good customer for you."

Norah looked up, her eyes half-filled with tears, for now that it came to the point, she found that she was really very fond of her geese.

"Eight shillings each," continued Farmer Lovell; "it's a high price, and, though poultry's dear, you are not likely to get such an offer again."

"She'll sell them," said Tom.

"Let your sister speak for herself."

"Yes, thank you; I have made up my mind to sell them," said Norah, "and I'm much obliged to you for"—and here Norah burst out crying.

"What a queer girl you are!" said Tom.

But Farmer Lovell patted her on the shoulder, saying, "I understand, child; and I'll send for them to-night."

That evening the geese had an extra feed of green meat from Norah's hand, an extra pat on the head for good-bye; and when Norah went to bed at night she put her two pounds eight shillings under her pillow, and cried herself to sleep.

"What will she do with it?" asked Tom.

"You'll surely not let her spend it all as she pleases," said the mother.

"Leave her alone," said the father; "the golden geese have been talking to her." The mother lifted up her hands, but said nothing.

The next morning Norah came down to breakfast pale and quiet, and eat her bread and milk in silence, and when her brothers had gone off to work, she sat down beside her father, and asked, "What's the fare to Cloverdale?"

"Cloverdale! What put Cloverdale into thy head, lass? Art thou going to be a traveller? Let me see, third class would be about ten shillings, I fancy."

"Ten shillings there and ten shillings back, and ten more would be thirty.—Father I want you to go to Cloverdale, and bring grand-mother to see us all."

The father gave a start. "What put that in thy thoughts, lass?"

"Grandmother said in her letter she should like to see you again before she died; and as I minded the geese down by the river, I thought of Joseph in the land of Egypt, and how his old father longed to see him; but I knew that you could not afford to send for grandmother; and then all at once it came to me that the geese would manage it for us."

The father was silent for a while; but he drew Norah closer to him, and kissed her; then he spoke. "Dost hear the lass, mother? Wasn't I right? And haven't the geese been as good as if they'd laid golden eggs for her?"

"Better," replied the mother. "Thou art a good lass, my daughter, and thy father shall go and satisfy the desire of his heart—to see his mother again in the land of the living. It will do us more good than if thou couldst buy a dozen silk gowns and fine coats."

And the father went and the grandmother came; and as they sat round the blazing fire, full of happiness and joy, no heart was lighter and happier than Norah's; and when her grandmother laid her hand upon her head, and said, fondly, "Bless thee, my child, for this great happiness; the remembrance of thy good deed will return to thee again and again."

like refreshing waters!" Norah felt as if one of the patriarchs had pronounced a blessing. "Amen!" said the father. "The golden peace have done their work well!"—*Jean Bonoeur, in Watchman.*

PRAYING FOR WHAT WE DON'T EXPECT.

I happened once to be staying with a gentleman—a long way from here—a very religious kind of a man he was; and in the morning he began the day with a long family prayer, that we might be kept from sin, and might have a Christ-like spirit, and the mind that was also in Christ Jesus; and that we might have the love of God shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost given unto us. A beautiful prayer it was, and I thought, What a good, kind man you must be. But about an hour after I happened to be coming along the farm, and I heard him hallooing, and scolding, and going on, finding fault with everybody and everything. And when I came into the house with him, he began again. Nothing was right, and he was so impatient and quick tempered. "Tis very provoking to be annoyed in this way, Daniel. I don't know what servants in these times be good for but to worry and vex one, with their idle, slovenly ways."

I didn't say nothin' for a minute or two. And then I says, "You must be very much disappointed, sir."

"How so, Daniel? Disappointed?"

"I thought you were expecting to receive a very valuable present this morning, sir, and I see it hasn't come."

"Present, Daniel?" and he scratched his head, as much as to say, "Whatever can the man be talking about?"

"I certainly heard you speaking of it, sir," I says quite coolly.

"Heard me speak of a valuable present. Why, Daniel, you must be dreaming. I've never thought of such a thing."

"Perhaps not, sir, but you've talked about it; and I hoped it would come whilst I was here, for I should dearly love to see it."

He was getting angry with me now, so I thought I would explain.

"You know, sir, this morning you prayed for a Christ-like spirit, and the mind that was in Jesus, and the love of God shed abroad in your heart."

"Oh, that's what you mean, is it?" and he spoke as if that weren't anything at all.

"Now sir, wouldn't you be rather surprised if your prayer was to be answered? If you were to feel a nice, gentle, loving kind of spirit coming down upon you, all patient, and forgiving, and kind? Why, sir, wouldn't you come to be quite frightened like: and you'd come in and sit down all in a faint, and reckon as you must be a-going to die, because you felt so heavenly-minded?"

"He didn't like it very much," said Daniel, but I delivered my testimony, and learned a lesson for myself too. You're right, Captain Joe, you're right. We should stare very often if the Lord was to answer our prayer."—*Sci.*

"JESUS MET THEM."

BY THE REV. W. T. WYLLIE.

There is a proverb which says "A friend in need is a friend indeed." The existence of this adage points to the falseness of many professions which are made in the day of prosperity, but which are forgotten in the day of adversity. The most precious of earthly treasures is a true friend, especially if he be also a tried friend. Such a friend Christ is to all who accept him.

When human wisdom fails to solve our doubts and dispel our darkness, we have only to look to him and our faces are enlightened. In the great truths which relate to God and to our own being, the soul is often perplexed. One very lovely Christian used to say, that her idea of heaven was chiefly that all doubt in regard to truth would be banished. How many souls cry out in perplexity, "Oh, that I knew just what is the truth, or just what is duty!" Then Christ is at hand, as the light, ready to reveal the doctrine, and make plain the duty. When one feels the lack of wisdom, and asks God, who giveth liberally, he will surely get what he seeks. As "Jesus met them," so will he meet us.

When we are weary and worn, faint of heart and sore of foot, ready to fall by the way, then he meets us, and talks with us, as he did with the disciples when he caused their hearts to burn within them. He knew what it was to be weary, and hungry, and bowed down by toil. When his friends are brought to such straits he knows how to help them. We are commanded to consider Christ, lest we be weary and faint in our minds; and when we do look to him, new life flows into our souls. We cannot sink when the everlasting arms are underneath to uphold and around to steady us with their strong embrace. It is indeed a blessed thing to bear any yoke which brings us into fellowship with Christ. We forget the burden when we look to and

lean upon him who takes not only it but us on his arm.

When we are unjustly censured and condemned as evil-doers, then he meets us. None ever suffer so undeservedly as did he. In this experience, to which the godly are often called, there is a peculiar fellowship with Christ. The brow of night is crowned with the evening stars, and as Darkness sweeps in with her train of glittering worlds, we are constrained to cry out, "Blessed are the revelations of the night!" When Christ reveals himself to the soul in its darkness and reproach, he becomes the Evening Star, and he unfolds glories which could never be realized but for their shadows. If Christ meets us, it matters little who may forsake or who may oppose us.—*S. S. Times.*

THE MISER'S HOARD.

It is but a short time since there died a certain man who was the possessor of many millions. He had attained to a ripe old age, and his whole life had been one long success in the getting of gold,—the sole purpose, apparently, of his existence. For the common claims of humanity he cared nothing. He had never appeared to look upon his fellow-men as upon brothers entitled to his assistance, or even sympathy, but simply as prey upon whom he might act the part of the vulture. Each year he had sunk lower and lower, as his lust for gold overpowered and destroyed his affections, and blinded his moral perceptions, until he became lost among the intricacies and entanglements of the bills and bonds and mortgages that represented the desert waste of a life in which not a single flower of affection had been left to bloom and exhale its fragrance. He had spared no time to enjoy his wealth, nor had he learned to use it during his own life either for his or others' happiness, and at death he left it, a bone of contention, a curse instead of a blessing, to a set of spendthrift heirs; confirming the truthfulness of an old writer's remark that "it is far more easy to acquire a fortune like a knave, than to expend it like a gentleman." It were well indeed if this case stood alone, but it does not. There are all over the land, and especially in the great cities, vast heaps of wealth, for the accumulation of which the money-gleaners have worn out their lives, pawned their very souls, and which, when that hour approaches that must surely come to the rich as well as to the poor, they find that they can neither take with them to the other world, nor dispose of satisfactorily in this. As it was with Hassan, the poor cobbler of Bagdad, who had the luck to draw a great beast of an elephant as his prize in a lottery, and was thereby ruined, being neither able to keep nor dispose of it; so it is with the money-getters who have drawn such elephantine prizes in the lottery of life, they find it a plague to themselves while they live, and, as it is generally disposed of, it becomes a nuisance to other folks when they die.

That which costs the possessor nothing is not usually very highly appreciated. When rich men learn better how to use money themselves, and their sons have been taught to understand better its value by practical lessons in the art of earning it, in the workshop, the counting-room, and all the routine of business life, there will not be so many of that class of idle men, sometimes called "dandies or coxcombs," who have been exempted from the necessity of any useful employment because they are the inheritors of lavish riches from money-grubbing fathers.—*S. S. Times.*

HOW TO READ.

Do not lay out in detail a "course of reading." Probably you would not follow it, and the moral effect of making a plan and giving it up is injurious. But there is another reason for my advice. When you become interested in a subject, then is the time to follow it up, and read everything you can get hold of about it. What you read when thus keenly interested you will remember and make your own, and that is the secret of acquiring knowledge: to study a thing when your mind is awake and eager to know more. No matter if it leads you away from the book with which you set out; and if it sends you to another subject so that you never again open the original book, so much the better; you are eager, you are learning, and the object of reading is to learn, not to get through a certain number of books.

"What we read with inclination," said wise old Dr. Johnson, "makes a strong impression. What we read as a task is of little use."

When you read a book that interests you, you naturally wish to know more of its author. That is the time to make his acquaintance. Read his life, or an account of him in an encyclopedia; look over his other writings, and become familiar with him. Then you have really added something to your knowledge. If you fettered yourself with a "course," you could not do this, and before

you finished a book, you would have forgotten the special points which interested you as you went through.

You think that history is dull reading, perhaps. I'm afraid that is because you have a dull way of reading it, not realizing that it is a series of true and wonderful stories of men's lives, beyond comparison more marvellous and interesting than the fictitious lives we read in novels. The first pages are usually dry, I admit, and I advise you not to look at them till you feel a desire to do so; but select some person, and follow out the story of his life, or some event, and read about that, and I assure you, you will find a new life in the old books.

After getting, in this way, a fragmentary acquaintance with a nation, its prominent men and striking events, you will doubtless feel anxious to know its whole story, and then, reading it with interest, you will remember what you read.

But there are other subjects in which you may be interested. You wish first to know about the few great books and authors generally regarded and referred to as the fountain-heads of the world's literature. It is impossible, in a little "talk" like this, to give definite directions for gaining a knowledge of these. Needs vary in almost every case, and a book that might wisely be selected for one girl, might be a very poor choice for another. Almost every one can turn to some judicious relative or friend who, at least, can start her in a good direction. Once started, the way is delightful and easy. There are many entrances into the great temples of literature—you need not go in by all of them.

There are many well-known and often-quoted authors, concerning whom you will wish to be informed, even if you never read their works. You want to know when they lived and what they wrote. The world of books is too large for anyone to know thoroughly; you must select from the wide range what suits your taste, and be contented to have an outside, or title-page, knowledge of the rest.

Above all, in your reading, you want to avoid becoming narrow and one-sided. Read both sides of a question. If you read a eulogistic biography of a person, read also, if possible, one written from an opposite standpoint. You will find that no one is wholly bad, nor wholly good, and you will grow broad in your views.—*Olive Thorn, in St. Nicholas for September.*

DEATH UNLOADS.—A famous wit hearing it said that a certain person had died worth a million, quietly remarked, "What a pretty sum to begin the next world with!" To the thoughtful observer it would seem as if many of the rich men and millionaires of to-day were toiling on with unabated vigor and avidity for no other purpose than to hoard up as much as possible with which to begin the next life. They seem scarcely to remember, in their eager pursuit of gold, that Charon, the grim boatman of the silent river, conveys none of the things of earth to the mystery-wrapped shores beyond; that—

If thou art rich, thou art poor;
For like an ass, whose back with ingots bows,
Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,
And Death unloads thee.

In their eager rivalry to accumulate the greatest possible pile, they do not appreciate the fact that it is to be valued only so far as it can be made subservient to the comfort and happiness of this world; and, consequently, they fail to use their wealth for the best and only worthy purpose,—to make others and themselves happier and better.—*S. S. Times.*

A NOVEL SUMMER-HOUSE.—Town squares and streets in France are furnished with trees, creepers and greenery of various kinds, in a most wonderful manner. The latest French idea that has been realized is a travelling ivy that can be packed up and carried about, and it will certainly be a convenience to families who change their lodgings frequently. It is in the form of a moveable tent or sunshade,—in fact an umbrella. Stem six feet high. The branches spread out from top in an arching manner 16 feet from the stem all round. It grows in a tub, can be moved from place to place as a summer house, giving opportunity for frequent change of scene. The branches are trained on wires that fold in like the ribs of an umbrella. It can be illuminated by hanging Chinese lanterns from the points of the wires. There is no end to the uses to which it may be applied by the loungee or the artist.

Blessed are the merciful:
for they shall obtain mercy.

MATT. 5: 7.

SCHOLAR'S NOTES.

(From the International Lessons for 1876 by Edwin W. Rice, as issued by American Sunday-School Union.)

CONNECTED HISTORY.—Stephen, having spoken of the changes which had been made in God's dealings with the people, in the service of the tabernacle and the temple; in answer to charges made against him (vi. 14), now points out the unbelief and guilt of the Jews in the past, and of those also whom he addressed. This increases their rage, and they finally stone him to death.

LESSON III.

OCTOBER 15.]

STEPHEN'S MARTYRDOM. [About 35 A. D.]

Read Acts vii. 51-60. Recite vs. 57, 60.

DAILY READINGS.—M.—Acts vii. 51-60. T.—Matt. xxi. 33-46. W.—2 Chr. xxxvi. 14-23. Th.—John xv. 7-21. F.—1 Peter iv. 1-19. Sa.—Matt. v. 38-48, 8.—Rev. vii. 9-17.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Christ shall be magnified in any body, whether it be by life, or by death.—Phil. i. 20.

CENTRAL TRUTH.—"Saints conquer even in death."

NOTES.—Just one, Jesus. See Acts iii. 14. "Your fathers," said Stephen, "persecuted the prophets who foretold the coming of Christ, but ye have now betrayed and murdered the very Messiah himself." See parable of "Wicked Husbandmen." Matt. xxi. 33-45. Stephen's Martyrdom.—Stephen was not formally sentenced; the council does not appear to have given any decision, nor had it any right to put a person to death; the Roman court only could do that. Stephen was therefore murdered by a fanatical mob.—Saul, afterward the apostle Paul, whose life and labors will hereafter be studied.

EXPLANATIONS AND QUESTIONS.

Lesson Topics.—(I.) STEPHEN'S CHARGE. (II.) STEPHEN'S VISION. (III.) STEPHEN'S DEATH.

I. STEPHEN'S CHARGE. (51.) stiff-necked, obstinate. Ex. xxxii. 8; uncircumcised in heart. Rom. ii. 28, 29; resist, or "fall upon" as a foe. (52.) Which of the prophets, a strong way of saying they persecuted all the prophets: Just One (see Notes); ye murderers, so Peter had charged the Jews. See Acts ii. 36; iii. 14; iv. 10. (53.) disposition of angels, the Jews received the law as announced by angels.—(44.) cut to the heart. Acts v. 33; smashed, in their anger and spite. Matt. xxvii. 44.

II. STEPHEN'S VISION. (55.) full of the Holy Ghost, Acts vi. 5; looked up steadfastly, Acts i. 10; glory of God, the brightness of heaven opened. Rev. xxi. 10, 11. (56.) Son of man, so Jesus called himself. Matt. xxvi. 64.

I. Questions.—Of what did Stephen now accuse the Jews? v. 51. In whose steps did they walk? Who had foretold the coming of Christ? How had the Jews treated these prophets? How had they now treated Christ? What had they received to teach them of Christ? How had they received the law? How had they obeyed it? What effect had this charge on the Jews?

III. STEPHEN'S DEATH. (57.) loud voice, so Stephen should not be heard; ran upon, like a mob, (58.) stoned him, before the council had sentenced him; witnesses, as they were to stone him. Dent. xviii. 7; Saul, afterward Paul. (59.) calling upon God, calling upon and saving, "Lord Jesus," etc.—that is, praying to Jesus. (60.) knelt; loud voice, boldly, for all to hear; lay not, so Jesus prayed on the cross. Luke xxiii. 34; fell asleep, so the death of saints is spoken of: John xi. 11; 1 Cor. xv. 51.

II. Questions.—By whom was Stephen stoned in this trial? v. 55. What did he behold in heaven? Who was with God? What did Jesus say of himself when on trial? Matt. xxvi. 64. How did the council and people know that Stephen had such a vision?

III. Questions.—State the three acts of the mob noted in v. 57. Whither did they take Stephen? For what purpose? What young man was present? What did he do for the witnesses? To whom did Stephen pray at his death? State his first request. His second. Who made a similar one at his death? In what words is Stephen's death stated?

What facts in this lesson teach us—
(1.) Of unwise zeal for what we think to be the truth?
(2.) Of the firmness of the true Christian?
(3.) Of God's presence in the day of trial?

Illustration.—When one was condemned to be stoned to death, it was common for a orator to go before, exhorting his name, the crime, and the witnesses. At the place of execution the condemned was bound, taken to some high point (a tower, cliff, the witnesses, laying aside their outer garments, pushed on the convict; if possible so as to make him insensible, then quickly cast stones upon his chest, so as to kill him. Stephen, if so treated, was not killed nor stunned by the fall, and hence fell on his knees, and was killed while praying.

CONNECTED HISTORY.—The great persecution which followed the death of Stephen drove the disciples from Jerusalem. From the history of the undivided mother-church we now pass to that of its extension through the empire.—(Alexander) Philippi (one of the seven) preaches in Samaria with great success. Simon professes to believe, but proves to be a false professor.

LESSON IV.

OCTOBER 22.]

SIMON THE SORCERER. [About 36 A. D.]

Read Acts viii. 9-25. Recite vs. 20, 25.

DAILY READINGS.—M.—Acts viii. 9-25. T.—Prov. viii. 1-36. W.—John iii. 1-21. Th.—Dan. ii. 1-28. F.—

James ii. 18-26. *Sa.*—Acts iii. 12-26. *S.*—Matt. xii. 22-33.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Thy heart is not right in the sight of God.—Acts viii. 21.

CENTRAL TRUTH.—"The conscience of the wicked is defiled."

TO THE SCHOLAR.—Notice that Simon's profession seems to have been a false one, and that he did not pray for himself, nor show any true godly sorrow for his sin.

NOTES.—Simon, called "Simon Magus"—that is, Simon the magician or sorcerer. He is said to have been of Gittion, a town of Samaria; probably educated at Alexandria; practised magic in Samaria; professed to believe at Philip's preaching; rebuked by Peter. Some say he again opposed Peter at Rome, and was defiled there; others that he killed himself.—*Samaria*, a noted city of Palestine, about 35 miles north of Jerusalem, and about midway between the Mediterranean Sea and the river Jordan. It was founded by Omri about 925 B. C.; twice besieged in vain by the Syrians (1 Kings xx. 1; 2 Kings vi. 24; vii. 20); captured by the king of Assyria (2 Kings xviii. 9, 10); again taken by Hyrcanus 109 B. C.; improved by Herod; began soon to decay on the rise of Neapolis or Nablus, and is now only a mass of ruins.—*Philip*, see Part V., p. 73.

EXPLANATIONS AND QUESTIONS.

Lesson Topics.—(I.) SIMON'S SUCCESS. (II.) SIMON'S PROFESSION. (III.) SIMON REBUKED.

I. SIMON'S SUCCESS. (9.) *sovereignty*, practised by one who pretended to be very wise as fortune-tellers now do; *bewitched*, charmed, deceived; *great one*, or some "great being"—that is, more than a mere man. (10.) *least*. . . *greatest*, all ranks of people; *great power*, is some divine person.—(*Alexander*.) (11) *had regard*, respect, believed in his wisdom and power.

I. Questions.—Who was preaching in Samaria? Was it Philip the apostle? What power attended his preaching? How was the city moved by his work? Who had misled the people there before Philip came? How? What was Simon called? What attention did he receive? Why?

II. SIMON'S PROFESSION. Simon himself—that is, he as well as his followers; *wondered*, for Philip did real miracles, while Simon's were only pretended ones. (14.) *apostles*. See v. 1. (18.) *offered*. . . *money*, or "brought them money." (19.) *this power*, this religious power, or sight.

II. Questions.—Who first believed at the preaching of Philip? What shows that Simon believed because others did? At what did he wonder? Why? Who heard of this in Samaria? Whom did they send? For what purpose? What blessing did Peter and John seek for the Samaritan converts? With what success? What power did Simon wish? How did he propose to get it?

III. SIMON REBUKED. (20.) *perish*, literally, "May thy money with thee be to destruction!" *gift of God*—that is, of the Holy Ghost. (21.) *part nor lot*, no share in any way; *not right*, Ps. lxxviii. 36, 37. (22.) *Repent*, his sin might be forgiven; (23.) *gall of bitterness*, the poison of serpents was thought to be in their gall, hence Simon was in the deepest sin; *bond of iniquity*, sin a bondage, 2 Tim. ii. 26. (24.) *Pray ye*, he does not appear to have prayed for himself; *none of these things*, punishment is what he fears, but no true fear of God. (25.) *testified*, borne witness, reported; *returned to Jerusalem*, or toward Jerusalem, doubtless preaching as they went.

III. Questions.—Why did Peter rebuke Simon? What was the thought of Simon's heart? What more was wrong with Simon? Why was it wrong of Simon to make the offer of money? State the two things he was to do. Why? In what sorrowful state was he now? How far did he regard Peter's command? Why did he wish to be prayed for? Where did the apostles preach the gospel on their way to Jerusalem?

What does this lesson teach us—

- (1.) As to the hypocrite's love of applause?
- (2.) As to the true way to gain the gift of the Holy Ghost?
- (3.) As to the need of sinners to repent and pray for themselves?

Illustrations.—*Paying for the Place.* Two monks came one day to William Rufus, king of England, to buy an appointment to an abbey's place, bidding over each other in the usual manner for the favor. The king said to a third monk who stood by, "What wilt thou give for the place?" "Not a penny," answered the third, "for it is against my conscience." "Then thou deservest it," replied the king, and at once gave it to him.—*Bible* *Illustrations*.

Genuine Conversion. Fish sometimes leap out of the water with greater energy, but it would be foolish to conclude that they will live out of it; in a moment they are swimming in it again as if they had never left the stream. Indeed, it was only a fly that tempted them to this sudden freak; the water is their home. So sinners sometimes make a sudden leap at religion. We are not to be too sure they are true Christians; but if they are, they will not soon be back again at their old sins. Genuine converts do not return to their old ways like fish to the water.—*Synopsis*.

CONNECTED HISTORY.—While Peter and John were preaching in the villages of Samaria, on their way to Jerusalem, Philip was called of the Lord to go toward Gaza to talk with an officer of Ethiopia.

LESSON V.

PHILIP AND THE ETHIOPIAN. [About 30 A. D.]

Read Acts viii. 26-40. Record vs. 34-37.

DAILY READINGS.—*M.*—Acts viii. 26-40. *Z.*—Ps.

lxxviii. 18-35. *N.*—Isa. lvi. 1-12. *Th.*—Luke xxiv. 13-27. *F.*—Rom. x. 8-21. *Sa.*—Rom. v. 1-21. *S.*—Ps. ix. 1-20.

GOLDEN TEXT.—He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved.—Mark xvi. 16.

CENTRAL TRUTH.—"To him that hath shall be given."

NOTES.—*Gaza* (strong), capital and stronghold of the Philistines, in the south-west corner of Palestine, toward Egypt; a very old city (Gen. x. 19), taken by Judah (Judges i. 18); its gates were carried away by Samson; the place of Samson's imprisonment and death; taken by Solomon (1 Kings iv. 24), by Pharaoh (Jer. xlvii. 1, 5); destroyed 80 B. C.; rebuilt; destroyed by the Jews A. D. 65; again a chief city of Syria in the reign of Titus, now called *Ghazeh*, and has about 15,000 inhabitants. *Ethiopia* (burned faces—that is, blacks), a country of Africa, south of Egypt, and probably included the present countries of Nubia, Abyssinia, etc. *Candace* (Can-da-ce), a general name for the queens of Ethiopia, as Pharaoh was for the kings of Egypt. *Azotus*, Greek word for Ashdod (see Notes), one of the five cities of the Philistines (Josh. xiii. 3), about three miles from the Mediterranean, south of Joppa, and about halfway from it to Gaza. It was noted for the worship of Dagon (1 Sam. v. 1, 2); was destroyed by Uzziah (2 Chron. xxvi. 6), and again by Tartan (Isa. xx. 1); Jews found wives there (Neh. xlii. 23); was taken by the king of Egypt (Jer. xiv. 20); destroyed by the Maccabees (1 Macc. v. 68); visited by Philip; is now a poor village. *Cesarea*, a noted town on the road from Egypt to Tyre, and south of Mount Carmel. It is about forty-seven miles in a direct line and sixty-eight miles by road from Jerusalem. In the days of Herod it was a magnificent city, as its ruins now show. Wild beasts and reptiles are its only inhabitants.

EXPLANATIONS AND QUESTIONS.

Lesson Topics.—(I.) SALVATION DESIRED. (II.) SALVATION PREACHED. (III.) SALVATION ACCEPTED.

I. SALVATION DESIRED. (26.) *angel* (Luke. 13, 28); Philip, not the apostle, but one of the seven (Acts vi. 5); *Gaza*. See Notes. (27.) *Ethiopia* (see Notes); *eunuch*, literally a "chamberlain," an officer having charge of the royal house and of the treasury also; *worship*, either as a foreign Jew or a convert to the Jewish religion. (28.) *chariot*, riding as an officer of rank; *Esau*, Greek word for Isalah. (29.) *Spirit*, the Holy Spirit. (30.) *ran*, obeyed with haste; *understandest*, v. 31; Rom. x. 14, 15. (31.) *guide* (Ps. xxi. 9); *desired*, invited.

I. Questions.—What command did Philip receive? By whom? Where was Gaza? Give a brief history of the town. Whom did Philip meet on his journey? What is said of the rank of this man? Where had he been? Why at Jerusalem? What was he reading? Why did Philip go near the chariot? State his question. The reply. What invitation was given to Philip?

II. SALVATION PREACHED. (32.) *Scripture*, the Old Testament, the Greek version; was led Isa. lvi. 7, 8. (33.) *declare*, describe the wicked people among whom he lived. (34.) *of whom*, a time now to preach Christ. (35.) *preached*, proclaimed, told the story of Jesus.

II. Questions.—What was the Ethiopian reading? Where is the passage to be found? Isa. lvi. 7, 8. What question was asked of Philip? What was the prophet describing? How did Philip explain it?

III. SALVATION ACCEPTED. (36.) *hinder me*, why can I not be baptized? Acts x. 47. (37.) *If thou believest*. See v. 12. (39.) *caught away*, see John vi. 15. Acts xiii. 10; 2 Cor. xii. 2; either the Spirit carried him away bodily or moved him to depart at once, as in v. 29; *saw him no more*, "and the eunuch saw him no more, for he went," etc.—(*Alexander*.) (40.) *Azotus*, Ashdod (see Notes); *preached*, as Peter and John had done in Samaria, v. 25.

III. Questions.—What question shows that the Ethiopian understood Philip's sermon? v. 36. How did Philip answer? What confession did the Ethiopian make? With what act was this followed? How did Philip leave the Ethiopian? Where was he next seen? Where did he further preach Christ?

Which verse of this lesson teaches us—

- (1.) The advantages of studying our Bible?
- (2.) The importance of speaking to those needing Christ?
- (3.) That we ought to confess Christ now?



ANCIENT CHARIOT.

Then that wait upon
the Lord shall renew
their strength.

ISA. 40: 31.

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On the 1st April we offered the following prizes for the largest amount received on or before Aug. 15th:—

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For fifth do do	5th do 8
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For seventh do do	7th do 6
For eighth do do	8th do 5
For ninth do do	9th do 4
For tenth do do	10th do 3

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6. W. Foxman	Que.	8 60
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9. N. Kilbridge	Me.	6 31
10. G. E. Hathaway	N.Y.	5 78

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